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WIDENER



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Line-o'-Type Lyrics

BY

BERT LESTON TAYLOR

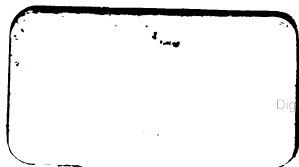
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Line-o'-Type Lyrics

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BY

BERT LESTON TAYLOR

AUTHOR OF

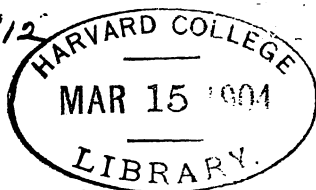
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Evanston
WILLIAM S. LORD
1902

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Line-o'-Type Lyrics

BALLADE OF SPRING'S UNREST.

UP IN the woodland where Spring
Comes as a laggard the breeze
Whispers the pines that the King,
Fallen, has yielded the keys
To his White Palace and flees
Northward o'er mountain and dale.
Speed then the hour that frees!
Ho for the pack and the trail!

Northward my fancy takes wing.
Restless am I, ill at ease.
Pleasures the city can bring
Lose now their power to please.
Barren, all barren, are these;
Town life's a tedious tale;
That cup is drained to the lees:—
Ho for the pack and the trail!

Ho for the morning I sling
Pack at my back, and with knees
Brushing a thoroughfare fling
Into the green mysteries ;
One with the birds and the bees,
One with the squirrel and quail,
Night, and the stream's melodies:—
Ho for the pack and the trail !
Pictures and music and teas,
Theatres—books even—stale,
Ho for the smell of the trees !
Ho for the pack and the trail!

TO MARGARET AT THE URN.

O LEAVE a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for tea.
Fair Margaret, e'er I take it up,
O, leave a kiss but in the cup !
Then with the gods I'd scorn to sup,
Though Hebe smiled on me.
O, leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for tea.

FAREWELL.

[Provoked by Calverley's "Forever."]

"FAREWELL!" Another gloomy word
As ever into language crept.

'Tis often written, never heard
Except

In playhouse. Ere the hero flits—
In handcuffs—from our pitying view,

"Farewell!" he murmurs, then exits
R. U.

"Farewell!" is much too sighful for
An age that has not time to sigh.
We say, "I'll see you later," or
"Good-by!"

When, warned by chanticler, you go
From her to whom you owe devoir,
"Say not 'Good-by,' she laughs, "but 'Au
Revoir!'"

Thus from the garden are you sped;
And Juliet were the first to tell
You, you were silly if you said
"Farewell!"

"Fare well," meant long ago, before
It crept tear-spattered into song,
"Safe voyage!" "Pleasant journey!" or
"So long!"

But gone its cheery, old-time ring:
The poets made it rhyme with knell.
Joined it became a dismal thing—
"Farewell!"

"Farewell!" Into the lover's soul
You see Fate plunge the cruel iron.
All poets use it. It's the whole
Of Byron.

"I only feel—farewell!" said he;
And always tearful was the telling.
Lord Byron was eternally
Farewelling.

"Farewell!" A dismal word 'tis true
(And why not tell the truth about it?)
But what on earth would poets do
Without it?

OBSESSIONAL.

[Provoked by seeing the Fire Fiend thrust out
his tongue at Handel Hall.]

HALL of our father, Henry George,
First in our far-flung firing line,
Beneath whose hallowed roof we forge
The thunderbolt and lay the mine,
O Handel Hall ! be with us yet—
Lest we forget ! Lest we forget !

The tumult of Reform's brass bands,
The shouts of victory, are spent :
Unscathed, defiant, proud, still stands
Our foe—the Unearned Increment !
O Handel Hall ! stay with us yet—
Lest we forget ! Lest we forget !

Far called, our commerce flaunts away;
In myriad forges flames our fire,
Lo ! all our wealth of yesterday
Recalls the old boom days in Tyre.
O Handel Hall ! don't leave us yet—
Lest we forget ! Lest we forget !

"IF I WERE FRANCOIS VILLON."

[Provoked by Eugene Field's Bibliomaniac.]

IF I WERE Francois Villon, and Francois Villon I,
Methinks I'd pass up Paris and give this town
a try.

He, with a foolish pencil, would sit and paragraph,
To cause judicious grieving and provoke unskill-
ful laugh;

But I, with knife or knuckles, would prowl the
dark highway
And bribe the snoozing, boozing, bruising cop to
keep away.

Whilst with my trusty lead pipe I stilled my
victim's cry—

If I were Francois Villon and Francois Villon I.

If I were Francois Villon and Francois Villon I,
I'd wink at Captain Colleran and Kipley I'd defy.

He, with his foolish pencil, would sit all day
and drool.

Attempting to be witty—not succeeding, as a rule;
Whilst I, equipped for business, in my cloak a
lead pipe tucked.

Would gather gold and silver at the Twelfth
street viaduct.

Oh, yes : I'd pass up Paris and give this town
a try

If I were Francois Villon and Francois Villon I.

THE PREMATURE POET.

THE poet sought the sweet white violet
'Long woodland pathways soaked with winter's
snows ;
Seeking, he got his feet exceeding wet,
And later turned up his poetic toes.

SPRING SONG.

ICH WEISS nicht was soll es bedeuten
Dass ich so traurig bin.
Bei diesem abscheulichen Wetter
Wie kleid' ich mich—dick oder duenn?
Heut' ist es so kalt wie in Groenland,
Und morgen schwitzt mancher sich schlank,
Und wer in Gesundheit heut funkelt
Liegt morgen in bett, und ist krank.

FOUR LIMERICKS.

I.

THERE once was a Princess of Thule,
Who remarked : "When my turn comes to rule
The first man I'll tin-can
Is that coachman McCann;
For I never could stand for the fool.

II.

There was also A Fair Maid of Perth,
Who had eaten sweet stuff from her birth,
Till one day she said : "Gee !
I must let such things be ;
For I fear the effect on my girth."

III.

There was likewise A Maid of the Mist,
Who never, as yet, had been kissed.
If you tried to embrace her
She murmured: "Nay, nay, sir !"
And gave you a slap on the wrist.

IV.

McGinnis, a musical hobo,
Performed passing well on the oboe,
Airs Irish or Negro,
He tooted *allegro*
Con brío non troppo adobo.

WHEN THE SIRUP'S ON THE FLAPJACK.

WHEN the sirup's on the flapjack and the coffee's
in the pot;
When the fly is in the butter—where he'd
rather be than not;
When the cloth is on the table, and the plates
are on the cloth;
When the salt is in the shaker and the chicken's
in the broth;
When the cream is in the pitcher and the pitcher's
on the tray,
And the tray is on the sideboard when it
isn't on the way;
When the rind is on the bacon and likewise
upon the cheese,
Then I somehow feel inspired to do a lot of
rhymes like these.

SEEDS OF ANARCHY.

I DO not much concern myself
About my wealthy neighbors' "tin";
I care not how they got their pelf
And care less how they blow it in.

Toward Handel Hall I fear I am,
To say the least, indifferent :
I do not care a tinker's dam
About the "unearned increment."

In fact—it may as well be said—
I rather like the folks of wealth.
They wash themselves, and do not shed
Microbes to undermine my health.

No doubt they're black enough at core—
Their outward cleanliness but sham;
However, as I said before,
I do not care a tinker's dam.

Their fuss and feathers, follies—all
I look upon with tolerant eye,
Nor even yield to Handel Hall
The passing tribute of a sigh.

But when at three o'clock, or four,
I seek my virtuous couch, to keep
A date with old Morpheus—or,
In other words, to go to sleep—

When sleep with me no terms will make,
But from my couch affrighted flees,
And I for hours am kept awake
By fearful howls and shrieks like these:

"Four-forty-nine!"

"Mrs. Flighty's carriage!"

"Mr. Sportiboise carriage! Four-'leven-
forty-four!"

"Chu-chu-chu-chu-chu!"*

"Mrs. Hotstuffe's carriage!"

"Victoria livery!"

"Bla-a-a! Bl-a-a-a!"†

"One-sixty-six!"

"Soakem's livery!"

"Four-forty-four!"

Why, then in language loose and loud,
I curse the diabolic din;

*The gasoline auto.

†The horn of the auto.

I curse the Plutocratic crowd—
The noisy way they blow their “tin.”
Sleepless, I toss about and growl,
And am resolved to make descent
Next night on Handel Hall and howl
About the “unearned increment.”
Nay, further yet—to urge the rope
For all enrolled on Mammon’s lists;
To cultivate contempt for soap.
And join a club of Anarchists.

IN EVERY STREET CAR.

A STREET CAR (especially next to the stove)
Is coldest of all frigid things:
But it’s never—as you may at any time prove—
Too cold for the lady that likes to remove
From one hand, which is commonly dirty, the glove,
And show her collection of rings.

BALLAD OF THE CLARK STREET CABLE.

I WAS in a vault beneath the street,
In the trench of the Clark street rope.
That I found a guy with a fishy eye
And a think tank filled with dope.
His hair was matted, his face was black,
And matted and black was he;
And I heard this wight in the vault recite.
In a singular minor key:
"O, I am the guy with the fishy eye.
And the think tank filled with dope.
My work is to watch the beautiful botch
That's known as the Clark street rope.
"I pipes my eye as the rope goes by
For every dangerous spot.
If I spies one out I gives a shout
And we puts in another knot.
"Them knots is all like brothers to me,
And I loves 'em, one and all."
The muddy guy with the fishy eye
A muddy tear let fall.
"There goes a knot what we tied last week:
There's one what we tied today;

And there's a peach what was hard to reach,
And caused six hours' delay.

"Two hundred and seventy-nine all told,
And I knows their history;
And I'm most attached to a break we patched
In the winter of 'eighty-three.

"For every time that knot comes round
It sings out: 'Howdy, Bill!
We'll walk 'em home tonight, old man,
From here to the Ferris Wheel.

"We'll walk 'em home in the rush hours, Bill,
A swearing company.
As we've walked 'em, Bill, since I was tied
In the winter of 'eighty-three.' "

The dopey guy with the fishy eye
Let fall another tear.

"Them knots is wife and child to me;
I've known 'em forty year.

"For I'm the guy with the fishy eye
And the think tank filled with dope,
Whose work is to watch the beautiful botch
That's known as the Clark street rope."

MISS LEGION.

SHE is hotfoot after Culture;
She pursues it with a club.
She breathes a heavy atmosphere
Of literary flub.
No literary shrine so far
But she is there to kneel;
And—
Her favorite bunch of reading
Is O. Meredith's "Lucille."

Of course she's up on pictures—
Passes for a connoisseur;
On free days at the Institute
You'll always notice her.
She qualifies approval
Of a Titian or Corot,
But—
She throws a fit of rapture
When she comes to Bouguereau.

And when you talk of music,
Why, she's Music's devotee.
She will tell you that Beethoven

Always makes her wish to pray,
And "dear old Bach!" his very name,
She says, her ear enchants:
But—
Her favorite piece is Weber's
"Invitation to the Dance."

AUTUMN REVERIES.

WHEN the leaves are falling crimson
And the worm is off its feed;
When the rag weed and the jimson
Have agreed to go to seed;
When the air in forest bowers
Has a tang like Rhenish wine,
And to breathe it for two hours
Makes you feel you'd like to dine;
When the frost is on the pumpkin
And the corn is in the shock,
And the cheek of country bumpkin
City faces seems to mock;
When you come across a ditty
(Like this one) of Autumn's charm,
Then it's pleasant in the city,
Where at least one can keep warm.

RECALLING "THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK."

YE genii of the nation,
Who look wid veneration
An' the Sinit's degrydation onsaysingly deplore;
Ye sons of Brian Bor-oo,
Who smash all heads before you,
Attind to the wild hurroo on the Sinit flure.

'Twas Sinitor Ben Tillman,
At schrappin' not an ill man,
Who thinks 'tis right to kill man (provide 'tis
nayger gore).
He got a grand ould shcorin'
From Sinitor McLaurin,
And started a wild roarin' on the Sinit flure.

Mac's timper risin' higher,
He sez, "Ben, yer a liar!"
Sez he, which caused the ire of Tillman fur to soar,
Up flew Ben like a burrd
An' soaked Mac in the furrid.
Wow! what a row was hurrd on the Sinit flure.

There was some grand infoightin'.
Wid chewin' and wid boitin'

An' whin 'twas most excoitin' some wan cries,
"Bar the dure!

Let saycrecy attind us;
Put shcranes before the windies,
That no wan see our shindies on the Sinit flure."

Sinitors Scott an' Warren
They grabbed hould of McLaurin,
To kape him from explorin' his colleague's heart
for gore:

An' valiant Sargent Layton
Got a divvle of a batin'
Combathants siperatin' on the Sinit flure.

Mr. Frye fur order knocked,
An' the dure was closed an' locked;
An' ivery wan was shocked—espicially Garge Hoar.
The combathants they widdrew,
An' fur pardon they did sue—
Which inded the shaloo on the Sinit flure.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY. 1902.

DEAR George, in serio-cynic way
We turn our thoughts to you today:
Not George the singularly pure
Tongued laddie
Who could not lie, but George the man.
Who could. Sometimes we wonder: Can
This be the country of which you're
The daddy?

The same, George: no, not quite the same.
We've gathered wealth, and strength, and
fame;
Improved upon the parent stock;
Grown wiser.
(One moment, George—Prince Henry's
here.
Excuse us while we add our cheer:
"Hoch!"—or as most of us say, "Hock"—
"Der Kaiser!")

We're very German, George, today,
And more disposed to drink and play

Than list to patriotic screed
Or sermon.
The Prince is with us. No offense.
Your name, of course, takes precedence.
In other words, Dear George, you lead
The German.

You've led the German, George, before.
You led him, on the Jersey shore,
A merry dance in 'seventy-six—
December.
You rather jarred the British crown
That Christmas night in Trenton Town.
The German crowd lost all the tricks—
Remember?

Of course you do, and wonder how
It happens that our voices now
In praise of Deutschland's royal tar
We're lifting:
And how you hear on every hand
The language of Der Vaterland.
No doubt you wonder, "Whither are
We drifting?"

It's all right, George. You see, we got
The job to build the Kaiser's yacht.
As for the rest—pray, how could we
Oppose it?
You've had a birthday every year,
And you'll have others, never fear.
Here's a fresh, foaming stein to thee !
George, "Prosit!"

DEPRESSIONAL.

THE birds are flying southward;
The leaves are growing sere;
We wait with less impatience
For the man to draw the beer,
From which I draw the inference
That Autumn must be here.

SOCIAL ECONOMICS.

CORINNA frowns. She thinks it wise,
If she be happy, to disguise
Such weakness. For, if woman wear
A countenance that's free from care,
Man feels quite free to tyrannize.
When at the club some women rise
To preach good nature, and advise
A smiling face and cheerful air.

Corinna frowns.

The lovelight in a woman's eyes
Will never light her to the skies;
A fierce, intimidating glare
Must show the way up Freedom's stair.
And so—for that way progress lies—

Corinna frowns.

RONDEAU: TO ETHELWYN.

TO Ethelwyn I sing! For her
My Pegasus will need no spur.
How could I know, last Christmas eve,
That Gen would F. P. A. deceive?
I thought myself a connoisseur.
With every wish did she concur.
O, my! She was a jollier!
But now I turn from Genevieve
To Ethelwyn.
Go, Memory of things that were!
To her who sets my heart astir
These threads on Fancy's loom I weave,
All other ties I hereby cleave.
O, Cupid, give me a transfer
To Ethelwyn.
[F. P. A.]

CALVERLEY'S ODE TO TOBACCO.

[Revised by Lucy Page Gaston.]

MONSTER demoniac!
Crafty in thy attack!
Thou who with juices black
Young lungs defilest;
Vile, when the morn is gray;
Vile, when they've cleared away
Lunch; and at close of day
Possibly vilest:

I have a hatred old
For thee, and manifold
Stories—true ones—are told
To thy discredit;
How one (or two at most)
Drops make a cat a ghost—
Useless, except to roast—
Doctors have said it:

How they who use fuses
All grow by slow degrees
Brainless as chimpanzees,

Meager as lizards;
Go mad, and beat their wives;
Plunge (after shocking lives)
Razors and carving knives
Into their gizzards.
Such are thy knavish tricks.
I know of five or six
Smokers who ne'er will mix
More with their neighbors.
They—it is sad to say—
Now are but lifeless clay;
Smoked nasty pipes, did they.
After their labors.
Tabbies have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco juice;
Yet men defend its use,
“Thoughtfully taken”!!
We're but as tabbies are,
Death lurks in the cigar
And the tobacco-jar.
Congress, awaken!

BALLADE OF LOVELORN LADIES.

GENEVIEVE, Ethelwya, Grayce,
Marjorie, Rosalind, Rose—

Others who tearfully trace
Daily their amorous woes—
Whose every billet-doux shows
Life is all wormwood and gall—
List! I'll a secret disclose:
Girls, I'm in looe with you all.

Had I the time and the space;
Did not a ballade impose
Limits one may not efface;
Were I but writing in prose;
I should be pleased to depose
Just the extent of my thrall.
Haply, I can't be verbose:
Girls, I'm in looe with you all.

Not that I think to displace
Lovers you long ago chose.
One heart could scarcely embrace
Arrows from so many bows.
Take—all I dare to propose—

Each an allotment. Though small.

Maybe 'twill help some. Who
knows?

Girls, I'm in love with you all.

Dry, then, each tear-spattered nose;

If you need sympathy, call.

Take this assurance to close:

Girls I'm in love with you all.

THE PERSISTENT POET.

I REMEMBER, I remember"—
Something special? Not a bit.
But, you see, this is September,
And Remember rhymes with it.

A WEST AFRICAN TRAGEDY.

THE wives of the Chief Fodey Kabba
(Never fairer were broke
In the marital yoke),
Like the thieves of our friend Ali Baba,
Have been killed at one terrible stroke.
Fair and fat, and just forty in number,
With necks as snow white*
And black eyes as bright
As ever bent o'er a chief's slumber,
Blown higher than Gilderoy's kite.
It seems that some one had been smoking,
In manner serene,
Near the chief's magazine
(It was really very provoking).
And the ladies were all on the scene.
They are gone, and no one can restore 'em.
He can train up a new
Batch of wives, it is true;
But think of the job that's before him!
We wouldn't attempt it—would you?

*Poetic license No. 480.

MERE THOUGHTS.

[Suggested by the Purity Convention.]

HAVE you ever paused to wonder
What would be Earth's dismal fate
Were it not for those that under-
Take to keep it spinning straight?—
Who have time and taste for minding
Every business but their own,
And assume a contract binding
As the Sisyphean stone?
Thanks to them, our rakish planet
Keeps within the moral law.
Tho' it wish to, never can it
Closer unto Venus draw;
Never go off gallivanting
With the lady stars of space,
Where the Pleiad girls go panting
In the never-ending chase;
Never flirt with Cassiopeia,
Never take Callisto's hand,
Never give the lone Astraea
Chance to murmur, "This is grand."

You and I, perchance, are musing
With our heads among the stars,
Quite regardless of the boozing
At a multitude of bars:

Quite regardless of a lady
Who next door to us resides,
With a past that is as shady
As the grove where Dian hides:

Never dreaming that Pomona,
Who is pretty and demure,
Would come short of a diploma
In conventions of the pure:

Never thinking, as we ought to,
Of the sin all over town;
Never giving any thought to
Any business but our own.

Pause a moment, then, and wonder
What this sad, bad world would do
Were it not for those that under-
Take to keep it whirling true.

THE KAISER'S FAREWELL TO PRINCE HENRY.

AUFWIEDERSEHEN, brother mine!
Farewells will soon be kissed;

And, ere you leave to breast the brine,

Give me once more your fist;

That mailed fist, clenched high in air

On many a foreign shore.

Enforcing coaling stations where

No stations were before:

That fist, which weaker nations view

As if 'twere Michael's own,

And which appals the heathen who

Bow down to wood and stone.

But this trip no brass knuckles. Glove

That heavy mailed hand:

Your mission now is one of Love

And Peace—you understand.

All that's American you'll praise:

The Yank can do no wrong.

To use his own expressive phrase,

Just "jolly him along."

Express surprise to find, the more
Of Roosevelt you see,
How much I am like Theodore,
And Theodore like me.

I am, in fact, (this might not be
A bad thing to suggest,)
The Theodore of the East, and he
The William of the West.

And, should you get a chance, find out—
If anybody knows—
Exactly what it's all about,
That Doctrine of Monroe's.

That's *entre nous*. My present plan
You know as well as I:
Be just as Yankee as you can;
If needs be, eat some pie.

Cut out the 'kraut, cut out Rhine wine,
Cut out the Schutzenfest,
The Sangerbund, the Turnverein,
The Kommers, and the rest.

And if some fool society
"Die Wacht am Rhein" should sing,

You sing "My Country 'Tis of Thee"—
The tune's "God Save the King."

To our own kindred in that land
There's not much you need tell.
Just tell them that you saw me, and
That I was looking well.

MR. KIPLING'S—"THE QUESTION." *

[From the London Times.]

ONCE more our arms in Africa have got another
check.

Benson's command is what you might call a total
wreck.

Look at the maddening figures! Benson killed
outright,

And eight other gallant officers also killed in the
fight.

Fifty-eight non-commissioned officers and men,
Who fell upon the veldt and will never get up
again.

*Which provoked a solemn magazine article on the decadence
of Kipling.

The question my lords and gentlemen that I here
ask of you,

Is, What are we going to do, eh? What are we
going to do?

We thought we had Botha pocketed, with a paltry
three hundred men,

And the first we knew he was up and at us again,
We sneered at them, called them "guerrillas," and
didn't think that they

Would cast a shadow of any size on our corona-
tion day.

But now we've found, as we've found before, that
there's something wrong.

That instead of being guerrillas they're an army
still and strong.

And the question that must be answered, the ques-
tion that's up to you,

Is, What are we going to do, eh? What are we
going to do?

LE MORTE DE COCK ROBIN.

Sixth Book.

SIR HAROLD AND SIR JOHN.

How ye Knighte of ye Golde Tipps chauned to meete ye
Knighte of ye Corke Tipps, and did invyte hym to a just
ing; and how ye Knightes foughten a great combat untill both
were aswowne

XXV.

YE while ye esquire of Sir John
Did ply ye vaseline,
Sir Harold's squire, Light Housman, rubbed
Hys Knighte with listerine.

XXVI.

Ye while Sir John anoyated was
With orange floure cheese,
Sir Harold's squire did do ye same
For hym with creme marquise.

XXVII.

And while ye Knightes each other did
Insult in pantomime,
Ye squires did talcum-powder them
And give ye signal, "Time!"

XXVIII.

Righte eagerly ye warring Knightes
Did rush in brim¹⁶ embrace,
And dashed ye Turkish cigarette
In each ye other's face.

XXIX.

So violent ye shocke it was
Both fell upon ye grounde
Astoned¹⁷. With fans and gynger ayle
Ye squires did bringe them rounde.

XXX.

Sir Harold now lept atte Sir John,
And slapped hym on ye wriste;
Sir John did counter with a slap
Upon Sir Harold's chist¹⁸.

XXXI.

And eft¹⁹ they fell, and man would say
That each or both were slain.
Ye squires dad ply ye smellynge salts,
And bring them round again.

XXXII.

“ ‘Ods copy-paper!’ cried Sir John,
And hurtled²⁰ with hys righte;
“ ‘Ods violet ink!’ Sir Harold cried,
And smote with all hys mighte.

XXXIII.

And thus they fared an hour or more,
Attempting each to lande;
They rased and lashed, and trased and rashed²¹
And foined²² to beat ye bande.

XXXIV.

Atte laste Sir Harold waxed hym fainte,
And gave somewhat aback,
“Now,” cried ye esquire of Sir John,
“Hande him a crackerjackel!”²³

XXXV.

Sir John did putte forthe alle hys mighte
To give ye coup de grace,
And eft another cigarette
Dashed in Sir Harold’s face.

XXXVI.

It was a fell and fearful stroke!
Sir John then fell attainte,²⁴
Ye victor and ye vanquished lay
Together in a fainte.

XXXVII.

And while ye Kightes did lie aswowne,²⁵
With faces wan and pale,
Ye doughty squires did finish up
Ye stock of gynger ayle.

GLOSSARY

- | | | | |
|---------------------|------------------|----------------|----------|
| 16 Furious. | 17 Stunned. | 18 Chest. | 19 Again |
| 20 Led out. | 21 Danced about. | 22 Sparred. | |
| 23 A mighty stroke, | 24 Exhausted | 25 In a swoon. | |

THE PESTILENTIAL PIANIST.

PESTILENTIAL pianist
Large of arm and stiff of wrist,
Hatless, coatless, soulless too,
Did it e'er occur to you
That your pounding's very hard on
Patrons of this summer garden ?
Heavens! ou are nosier far
Than a clanging cable car !
Did a mortal ever see
More pernicious industry ?
Why in Sam Hill can't you quit
For at least five minutes ? It
Isn't necessary for
You to make the piano roar
Every minute of the night.
At the very least you might
Stop and take a drink or two,
I'll pay for it if you do.
Ah ! he stops! I really think
That's he's going to get that drink.
Heavens ! there he goes again.
Hammering with might and main,

Pestilential pianist—
Saw-log arm and iron wrist—
I've a mind to rise and throttle
You or brain you with a bottle.
Come, my dear let's cut this riot;
Let's go some place where it's quiet.

PRINCE CHUN'S APOLOGY.

WHEN the hour was come Prince Chun arose,
And balanced a shoestring on his nose,
"From this some notion you will get,"
Said he, "of China's deep regret."

Now balancing upon his ear
A stein of foaming lager beer,
"This attitude," said he, "reveals
"How very sorry China feels."

Then spinning, top-like, on his cue,
"I can't begin to tell to you
The deep remorse we suffer for
The death of your Ambassador."

Next, placing on his cue a plate,
He said, as it 'gan to gyrate:

**"Nothing that's happened in his reign
Has caused my Emperor so much pain."**

**Upon his back he did declare,
While juggling five balls in the air:
"This attitude—the humblest yet—
Expresses personal regret."**

**Last, spreading out a deck of cards
"Accept my Emperor's regards.
As our intentions were well meant,
Pray overlook the incident."**

THE SONNET CONTEST.

[A prize of a steel engraving of George Washington was offered for the best sonnet built on rhymes to the names Battromie Szlizexc and Waroniki Kizayteza, who had been licensed to wed at Danville, Ill.]

I

O Battromie, no doubt you think me cheeky.
But I were no true man did I not seize a
Good chance like this to tickle and to please a
Sweet person as is darling Waroniki,
Let others sing "O' Lasses o' 'Auld Reekie.'"
I sing of Danville's fairest maid, for she's a
Peach, be she Szlizexc, be she Kizayteza—
I sing her praises in a sonnet squeaky.
I hereby tender my congratulations
To both of you, dear Mr. and dear Mrs.,
But though I send my true felicitations,
A question's in my mind tonight and this is:
By all the shades of Polanders most shady!
Which is the Gentleman and which the Lady?

F. P. A.

II.

What pluck,
O, Battromie!
Waroniki,
What luck !
I'm stuck
On both of ye,
O, Hully Chee,
I duck !
Great Scott, and Zounds !
Likewise, O my !
What type in "pi."
What vowel sounds
Wait eye and ear
This time next year !

Pegasus Shelley

III.

To Hymen's halls comes Battromie Szlizexc
And with him Waroniki Kizayteza,
(This combination surely izayteza !)
They fain will now insert their foolish nexz
In Hymen's noose, there to await the wrexz

Of Time. We hope "Batt's not a dizaygeza,
 Who ties to Waroniki jizaypleza.
 But that he doth admire the gentler sexs
 With soft regard. We hope that Waroniki,
 Who now doth pledge herself with Battromie
 To live no more a life of atrophic,
 Will not find that her two-hulled craft is liki !
 The health of W. K. and B. Szlizexc
 We now propose in draughts of foaming X !
P. S. W.

IV.

Battromie, surnamed hissingly Szlizexc
 (One listening might think white iron seethed
 'Neath water torture, in some smithy wreathed
 With smoke and climbing steam.) Lo ! yonder
decks
 Thy Waroniki all those charms which breathed
 Love first into thy soul ! The sunlight flecks
 Her swarthy hair, and on her stately neck's
 The quad thou gav'st her when she shy bequeathed
 To thee her heart. The wedding morning calls !
 Be Czech, or Polish, or Hungarian,
 Austere to Western ears, the alien tongue

In which ye plight your troth in humble halls,
Its voice is one with that first speech wherein
Glad Adam spake with Eve when time was young.
Fairfield

V.

Behold Chicago's poets sighing : O, me,
My Latin now what aids, what helps me Greek
me?
Fair naiads of the Vistula, I seek ye !
To win the prize, rhymes never heard of show me !
Let me this Skeezeicks praise, surnamed Battromie
(If he the gent be) and sweet Waroniki !
My sonnet grows ! Ho, veni, vidi, vici !
Hurrah for stately groom and maiden comely !
What fools ye be ! This Polish lady's visage
Will, by the flowing name of Paderewski,
With naught but anger ever on ye gaze, ah !
How dare ye call her own beloved Szlizexc
A Skeezeicks—brutish name and harsh and pesky ?
Beware the nails of Mrs. Kizayteza !
Mezzofanti

HYMN BEFORE BATTLE.

NOW glory to our holy cause ! Confusion to our
foes !

And glory to our leader as she into action goes !
And where the fight is thickest, where the hairpins
are in piles
You'll see the nodding ostrich plume of Alice
Bradford Wiles.

Those lightning bugs of science, with their head-
lights on behind,
The writing experts, far and wide we'll scatter, as
the winds,
Chaff scatters. And, victorious, our scratched
and tattered files
Will cheer the nodding ostrich plume of Alice
Bradford Wiles.

Then glory to our holy cause ! And let the
welkin ring !
We'll clasp our fingers on the hair of every mean
old thing.

And where the false fronts, switches, bangs, and
hairpins lie in piles
You'll see triumphant wave the plume of Alice
Bradford Wiles.

Mineroa Fuller-Prunes

ALL THAT I ASK

From Poems of Passion

[From Ellen Whaler Wheelwright]

ALL that I ask is but to stand—
Or sit—and hold your burning hand.
Ah, love! that would indeed be grand!—
All that I ask.

All that I ask is but to hold
You in embrace that's not too bold—
Just bold enough, O joy pure gold!—
All that I ask.

All that I ask is but to seize
Your lips, and drain them to the lees.
Would that not be, love, just the cheese?—
All that I ask.

WHEN POLACKS WED.

Rondeau.

When Polacks wed all Sheol breaks loose;
One's larynx suffers like the deuce ;

The alphabet goes on a spree,
Our eyes get criss-cross as can be,
Such quips and cranks the types produce.

I'd like, as Hymen ties this noose,
To wish both joy—but what's the use?
The names are far too much for me

When Polacks wed.

Still, let me try. As I deduce,
Battro's the gander, War' the goose,
Hoch, dreimall! then, the zigzag he!
And, Hoch! the fair, mellifluous she!
But what a strain it is, O Zeus!

When Polacks wed.

Pegasus Shelley

*These verses originally appeared in
the Chicago Tribune; they are re-
published by permission : : :*

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